LUSITANIA IN A FLURRY.

THE WOES OF DOM PEDRO AND THE CARES

OF DOM CARLOS. (FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Lisbon, December 10. Everything here has been in a flurry for the last six weeks. King Luiz died; Carlos I is preparing for the ceremony of his crowning; his Braganza relatives from Brazil have been sent hither in the shape of Imperial exiles; a bitter quarrel has sprung up with England on account

of disputed African possessions; and, finally, the public is waiting for the arrival of the American Naval squadron, now at sea, bound from Boston to the Tagus. Surely all this is enough to justify the excitement in which the dignified Portuguese are now living.

Moreover, and in the way of an addition to their perplexities, they are not yet definitely posted in regard to the real status of the soul of their recently departed King. You remember that, in his panegyric over the mortal remains of Dom Luiz, the cardinal-patriarch of Lisbon declared that the late King's soul was not in Paradise, but in Purgatory. The faithful Portuguese, who believed their defunct monarch worthy of an immediate rest in Heaven, were as much distressed as they were surprised. Still, it was impossible to doubt the statement made by the venerated patriarch, and they resolved soon to rescue the soul of Dom Luiz from Purgatory through the effectiveness of the ardent prayers prescribed by the Church in those circumstances. But some doubts were raised in the popular mind by the complaint diplomatically addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs by the Papal Nuncio. He pretended to discern in the patriarch's declaration a disavowal of the absolution given by the Nuncio

to the dying King, which, according to the Catholic doctrine, should have secured to the Royal soul its immediate reception in Paradise. That diplomatico-religious question has not yet been settled, and the popular mind remains in a suspense especially painful to a nation with strong religious proclivities.

The news of the Brazilian revolution was not calculated to calm the excited spirits of this usually quiet population. As everybody knows, Prazilians and Portuguese are "next of kin" to a very intimate degree, the Emperors of Brazil and Kings of Portugal having been for a time the one and same person. It was to be expected that Dom Pedro II would get a very cordial reception when, three days ago, the Alagoas steamed past the fort of Belem, in the early morning, and brought up the Imperial party at the landing-place. The cable has already told you the important particulars relative to the arrival and installation of the Imperial exiles I will only report a significant fact which was related by Dom Pedro himself to an old friend of his, who had come down from Paris with many others to greet his sovereign on the latter's arrival in Europe. The Emperor said that an apparently small fact had appeared a very significant one to him, who, as a historian and a savant, could not have ignored the decisive action exercised in revolutionary times, by the student youth in every country. The fact was connected with the personality of Senhors-Benjamin Constant Botelho de Magalhaes, a most remarkable mathematician, whose scientific reputation was equal to the consideration he enjoyed in the minds of the Brazilian students, notably of those of the Polytechnic School, his pupils. In Europe, students never were, and are not now, in sympathy with the army and with saber draggers" capable of performing coups d'etat or pronunciamientes. Things are different in Brazil; and in a speech delivered at the banquet offered to the officers of the Chilian naval vessel Almirante Cochrane, then in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, Benjamin Constant, who was to be, ten days later, the Home Minister of the Revolutionary Government, protes ed against the unjust treatment which, according to him, the army officers were getting at the hands of the Imperial Government. The day after, the officers of two cavalry regiments and of the 2d Artillery, united with the pupils of the Polytechnic School, went in a body to congratulate and thank the

went in a body to congratinate and mank the orator for his speech. They were punished by the Imperial Minister of War, out Senhor becayava, presently Minister of Foreign Relations and then Edutor of the paper "O Paiz," took occasion of this demonstration to predict that the Kepublic would soon be proclaimed.

Dom Pedro said that he had foreseen distinctly, in the light of that small incident, that political troubles were ahead; and he institutes that he has no great faith in the maintenance of a monarchical term of government in any part of the world. Here in Portugal, the present of the world. Here in Portugal, the present political situation cannot be suducially overthrown by the Republican party, which does not number many adherents, outside the few readers of its organ, the "Seculo." The country is divided into two great parties, both accepting the Constitution, monarchical as it is—the Regenerators and the Constitutionalists. They used to quarrel only on questions of persons or of inances; and the majority of the people hardly understood the differences which separate the policy of Senhor Serpa Pimentel from that of Senhor Fontes, his predecessor, as the Regenerators leader, and from that of the late Progressists are most auxious to furnish the Government with legislative weapons wherewith to knock down any Republican movement. The newly elected Cortes will not hesitate to furnish them, if they are asked for by the Cabinet presided over by Senhor de for by the Cabinet presided over by Senhor de Castro, who has no more than thirty-five opponents in the Chambers. It will be opened about Christ-mas, a few days before the official crowning of the new King, Carlos I.

mas, a few days before the official crowning of the new King, Carlos I.

This young sovereign was popular already, as the Crown Prince; and the general impression is that, through fear of losing his crown, he will not easily be led to adopt tyrannical measures. He is far, however, from being wanting in energy, and is the true son of the Queen Dowager, Maria Pia, who once said to Marshal Duke Salvanha, whom a military pronuciamiento had forced as a Premier upon her husband, King Dom Luiz: "If I were chief of the State, sir, you should be shot within two hours." And after this dignified declaration, she declined to allow the Marshal Duke to kiss her hand, and withdrew to her apartments. Her son, Carlos I, has hitherto spent his activity in the ordinary pursuits of a royal life, attending Cabinet Councils, and driving through the streets of Lisbon many times a day, only escorted by two officers, and stopping occasionally to shake hands or have a short talk with the eminent citizens who salute him. Now, he will have enough to occupy his hours, between the duties of politeness which he has to fulfil toward his exiled Imperial guests and toward the officers of the American naval squadron soon expected to arrive in the Tagus, and the diplomatic fight with England.

EATS NESTING IN THE TREE TOPS.

TROUBLES OF THE JAMAICA FARMER WITH THE

MONGDOSE HE EXPECTED SO MUCH FROM. A curious and interesting instance of animals changing their habits owing to the altered circumstances of their surroundings, or as Darwin called it their 'adaptability to environment," came under the writer' notice a short time ago, on the Island of Jamaica. While travelling through the northern part of that island he passed grove after grove of cocoanut palms. All the trees five years old and upward, that is the fruit-bearing trees, were tin-girlled around their trunks. For five feet above the ground each tree was

incased in a plate of tin, nailed firmly.

The explanation is a strange one. For many years the sugar planters in Jamaica were cursed with the ravages of rats. These redents would invade the fields just when the cane was getting ripe for cutting. Each rat would select some choice cane and begin to nibble at its base, gradually gnawing deeper and deeper into it, until it toppled over. The crash of the falling came frightened the rat, who, scampering off, soon began at another one. These pests did enormous damage, and no small item in the sugarplanters' yearly bill was the one for the rat-catcher.

Ten years ago Bancroft Espent, a well-known planter on the island, imported from India six couples mongoose or ichneumon, the deadly enemy of snakes The mongoose increased and multiplied in an incredible manner, and themselves became a pest, which every means failed to destroy. The rats at first fell an easy prey to their destroyers, and were soon driven out of the fields and the stone-wall fences that had formed their homes. They swarmed the houses and towns, but were followed by the ichneumons: The fullgrown rat by its fleetness did escape for a time, but the mongoose easily scented out the nest of little ones and destroyed them, or ferret-like traced the rat to its last lair and killed it there. The rat, driven from every refuge, took then to the palm trees, and amone the cluster of fronds that crown each tree made its

some and reared its family in safety. At first it was hardly credited that the rat had turned into an arboreal rodent, but it soon became a painful fact, for as the fruit-bearing spike pushed its paintul fact, for as the fruit-bearing spike pushed its way out, the rats would nibble it off and render the tree barren. The writer has himself seen rats, disturbed by a negro who had climbed a tree for the tocoa-nuts, jump to the ground fully fifty feet. But rature has not endowed them with the nine lives of a sat also, for the fall certainly knocked all the wind out of them, and they fell an easy prey to the nearest log or man. Owing to this new development in the abits of the Jamaica rat, the planter has been obliged to the line his eccea-nut trees.

In the meantime the mongoose has turned his attention of the line also considered.

In the meantime the mongoose has turned his attention to the farm-yard, and whereas a few years ago fowls were the cheapest and commonest food, now they can be enjoyed only by the well-to-do. It is another instance of man trying to improve on nature. Not long ago there was good guinca-bird, quali and partirilge shooting to be had on the Island, but as these birds build on the ground, not one is to be found now, for if there is anything a mongoose likes it is to suck an egg, and he does it so artistically, making the smallest of holes, that the mother-bird still sits on, in valu hones of batching her broad. the smallest of holes, that the mother-bird still si on, in vain hopes of hatching her brood.

NUMBER EIGHTY-EIGHT.

THE CASH-GIRL WHO ATTENDS TO BUSI-

NESS. "Check he e-ere," called out the young lady behind the counter; and as no one responded, she began stretching her neck, and inquired of Miss Jones, who stood some distance down the room, if Eighty eight had not passed that way a minute before Send her here then when she comes back," rejoined she to Miss Jones's affirmative, "I have a check for

her to take." "Why for her in particular?" the customer ventured to ask. "Aren't any of the other cash girls

"I'll save your time by keeping it for her." was the unexpectedly gracious reply. "Most of 'em are loafers, but when Eighty-eight is sent to the desk she goes and comes back right away; and as they are beginning now to keep an account of the trips the cashes takes, I'm hoping she will soon get raised. Here she is We can't be Come, be spry, Eighty-eight.

after waiting on you all day long."
A roll of ribbon and a check-book were thereupon tossed into Eighty-eight's basket, and with a sigh of relief the young clerk leaned back against the shelves behind her, while a lath of a girl, arrived at the awkward age, trotted off toward the desk. ever Eighty-eight were to have "a raise," surely was the time, as it was evident that her cash girl days were numbered. She was apparently on the verge of her teens, and was tall for her age, though stooping like one who had grown too fast. In figure she was, in working girl parlance, "a slouch." hair, with the exception of a tousled bang, hung down her back in a long thin sandy-colored braid, tied with a pale-blue ribbon. A long brown apron. upon which her number was worked, did its best to cover the defects of a faded gingham dress, and her hoes were gone almost beyond the last limit of respectability.

What is she earning now?" asked the writer, as the cash girl disappeared from sight in the crowd. "Just \$2 a week-ain't it a shame !" was the reply. Eighty-eight has been here ever since the year one. and she is paid the same as that little girl who came in last week-do you see her yonder I-that little girl with so many bangles on her bracelet, and such Somehow Eighty-eight don't seem to have much luck in getting along, though there ain't no You see there are so many better girl in the store. girls that live at home, and just jump at a salary of salaries down. that it keeps \$2 a week, and makes it awful hard on them that ain't got no Girls living with their own folks are keen to get into a store, even if they are paid next to nothing for what they do, because the work is to their taste You see at home they have to sweep and scrub and wash dishes, and ain't got no time to peep out of doors except when they are sent for beer, while in a store they loaf around whenever the floor-walker's back is turned, and talk to one another, and have a good Keep their earnings themselves? I should say not! They have to hand it over to their mothers at the end of the week. There was a cash girl here last year, and a real smart one, who was raised to 83 a week, and never lot her mother know it. She used to mark it two on her envelope, so she would have one dollar to spend, for candy and soda-water. But she was a little too smart, for her folks said she wasn't earning enough here, and so she was took away and put to doing bradwork. It is a pity for Eightyeight that she ain't got no home to her folks are dead except an aunt who has so many young ones of her own that she can't afford to take

"Who keeps her then?" "She keeps herself." " On \$2 a week?"

"Yes. Ain't you never heard of the 'Girls' Lodging House,' or the 'Primrose Home,' or any of them cometimes they give her a pair of shoes of things, but sometimes, when she gets to looking too shappy, the young ladies here will throw in and buy a ready-made dress for her to wear in the store.

real sgood-natured, and never gives us any we take a pleasure in doing what we can for

And what does she do then? "And what does she do then?
"Then they keep her at the home for nothing."
"Oh, I understand; she is in some Christian institu-

tion."

"No, I think it is a Jew place where she is staying, but that's nothing; there are some awful good Christians among the Jews. As long as they see that a girl is willing to work they are willing to help her, no matter whether she is a Jew or a tigotile."

willing to help her, no matter whether she is a Jew or a Gentile."

"Will Eighty-eight become a shop g—I mean a salesiady, when she grows too tall to be a cash girl?

"Oh, dear, no! She could never be a salesiady. She will never have style enough about her. And, besides, she is a little hard of hearing, which would set customers against her. They would be always going and reporting her for inattention. Lots of cash girls do get behind the counter in time, but that will never be her luck. She will have to go into a factory, I gaess, which will come very hard on her, as the society there ain't what she is accustomed to here. If she had any notion of sawing, which she hasn't, she might, when she leaves here, go into some dressmalting establishment as an improver, and work her way up; but that would be very poky for her, after being so long in a store. Go as a child's nurse! Yes. ing room fashion). "And it may be that she will have it to do, but no young lady will go to living out until it is that or North River."

THE HANDKERCHIEF SPECIALIST. From The Manchester Guardian.

The other morning, as a departed Cunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream at Liverpool, an elderly looking business man hastily embraced a lady, who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gang-plank to the wharf, tiong up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight, and said, "Want to earn five shillings?" "Rather."

"Rather."

You see that lady in black on the forward deck, re!" said the gentleman.

there!" said the gentlemen.

"Yes."
"Well, that's my wife, going to New York.

out of sight. See?"

"I understand."

"Well. I'm too busy to fool about here. Stock to buy; business to attend to. She's a little near-sighted, so I'll just hire you to wave this handker-chief instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and so long as she sees it she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Lime-st, when they are well off, and I'll pay you?"

ou."

"Sposin' she looks through a telescope or suthin'!"
"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the andherchief and look as though you were weeping."
"That'll be two shillings and sixpence extra."
"All right, Time is money, Look sharp, now, ou can kiss your hands a few times; say threepence or a kiss," and, snapping his watch, the overdriven usiness man rushed off.

nan rushed on. nt this affecting little incident to call at we print this ancetting little incident to call at-cention to the fact that the man this employed has cone into the business regularly. He is now a pro-sessional fareweller, and business men and others can ave valuable time and yet give their departing elatives an enthusiastic send off by applying to the thove specialist any steamer day. Go early to avoid

TO PROTECT PLATE GLASS IN BUILDING. From The Chicago Journal.

Prom The Chicago Journal.

Passing along Dearborn st. vesterday I saw a crowd watching closely the placing in position of some enormous panes of glass in a handsome new building. The glass was the best French plate, and the workmen handled it as carefully as if it were worth something more than a week's wages. The task of putting it in place was no sooner completed than one of the workmen grabbed a pot of whiting and with a big brush daubed a lot of meaningless marks on it. I thought it about as silly a thing as a man could do, and with the usual reportorial curiosity asked the foreman why he allowed it. The answer was a crusher. "Why," said he, "we have to mark them that way or they'd be smashed in no time." My look of amazement doubtless prompted him to further explantion, for he said: "You see, the workmen around a new building get in the custom of shoving humber, etc., through the open sash before the glass is put in. They would continue to do it even after the glass is in if we didn't do something to attract their attention. That's the reason you always see hew windows daubed with glaring white marks. Even

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

SOCIAL TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE COREANS.

MODEST FRANK LAWLER-HE HATES TO WORK -AN ANECDOTE OF THE LAW-" SUCH IS FAME"-WASHINGTON RELICS

-THE OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Washington, Dec. 28.-The members of the Chinese, Japanese and Corean Legations have a great liking for Wan Yong, Mr. Ye Cha Yan and Mr. Kang Sing, are The witness who followed, a brother of the murdered especially foud of going out. When they came here last winter they called every day in the week and went to every luncheon, tea and reception. Unwilling this year to wait until the formal beginning of the sea son, they have already begun their rounds. Only the they are all pleasantly received by every one except these three Mongolians in their wide trousers, blue tunies and steeple hats, which they never remove. These head-dresses denote their rank, and it is the These head-dresses denote their raids, and the been thing elso, yet that phoneticism, so to phrase it, does all over Washington, and it was only this week they not convey the full articulation They called in a body at the house were disturbed. of a Supreme Court Justice on Monday. When they entered the butler, who chanced to be new, eyed their cards with disfavor. As they were about to enter the drawing-room door, he planted himself squarely be-

fore them and said : No gemmen' are 'lowed in de parlor with dey hats

The hostess rescued the poor foreigners and their reasured hats from the incensed butler. Great visitors as the Corean men are, their wives are even greater. When they are not calling they sit at the windows of the legation and watch every street

incident with the greatest interest. One of them was taken ill with a cold a short time ago, and when neighbor asked for her her husband gravely replied: My wife, she sit at window to watch procession go she catch the cold. It is weman-like to sit at indow," he added, chuckling.

The good-hearted neighbor was interested in the little Corean woman, and a few days after she met a orean who she thought was the husband, and said: "I hope your wife is better to-day."

"Yes, she better," he replied; "she dead. Me a widow." She had mistaken the widower of the corps for the husband, as the Coreans to American eyes are as alike

as two peas.

With the publication of the report of the Attorney General all of the annual reports of the members of the Cabinet are "out." All of them have been published brondcast; some of them widely read. preparation of these reports is a task that is dreaded by the heads of Departments. They have to watch each sentence in the document to see that it is not susceptible of two constructions, one of them possibly undesirable. After they have read over and over again the report, they develop a horror of it that can only be compared with the feeling of the little boy who has surreptitionsly obtained possession of his big sister's box of candy. One of the Secretaries, peaking of the task which he had accomplished, said

few days ago:
"I felt, before I had finished my report, like the con victed murderer who had carefully studied an appeal for mercy which he was to make before sentenpassed upon him. The speech was prepared by his attorney, and when it was read to him the criminal broke down and sobbed aloud.

" . That will certainly move the judge,' he said. 'It

"A day or two later the lawyer called to see if the speech had been committed to memory properly. The criminal looked somewhat disconsolate. " . I don't think that is a very good speech,' he

" . Not good !" said the attorney. . Why you cried when you first heard it.'

" 'I know I did,' said the criminal, 'but that was before I had studied it. Every time I have been over is I have liked it less; and to tell you the truth, I am so tired of it by this time, I really believe I would rather be hanged than deliver it."

"And that was about my attitude toward my report before I had completed it," said the Secretary in con-

The modesty of the Hon. Frank Lawler, of Chicago, is a theme upon which his colleagues never tire of dwelling. I am told that some of the members from his own State sometimes become a little jealous of the Bridgeport Statesman' as he is called, Bridgeport is that section of Chicago adjacent to the stockyards places? I think Eighty-eight pays a dollar a week to throw a lighted match or the stump of a eigat for her board at the Primrose Home. Maybe it is into the river because the nolmal fat which makes up more, but I know they don't make her pay all she the channel might take fire and precipitate a con flagration worse than was caused by Widow O'Leary's World's Fair finds a worthy exemplar in the Hon. Mr. Lawler. He is determined not only that the Fair shall come to Chicago, but also that Statesman Lawler shall have the credit of locating it there. Re cenly he returned to his native heath, but before leaving furnished a statement to the press, done up in his best style on the finest type-writing pap in blue ink. I give it in full so that the New-York entlemen who are interested in the matter may know the arguments they will have to meet wher Mr. Lawler's Literary Eureau gets in full working

"House of Representatives,
Committee on War Claims.
Washington, D. C., Dec., 22, 1889.
"Congressman Frank Lawier since his arrival here has been a hard worker for the World's Fair, and when conversing with Congressmen and others to urge that Chicago should be selected, presents the following facts in favor of the Garden City of the West.

"First, Chicago has a population of 1,300,000, and an area of 175 miles.
"It has the best hotel accommodations of any city, mulntaining not less than 120 livst and second class hotels, besides 150 buildings and faits, which will accommodate 300,000 guests. Additional hotels will be erected should Congress decide upon Chicago for the Fair.

are not less than twenty-five miles of rall-

"There are not less than twenty-five miles of railroad trunk lines terminating in Chicago, and \$50 trains arrive and depart daily from the different depots, accommodating 125,000 people every twenty-four hours, "The Chicago parks are unsurpassed, covering not less than 2,05s acres and extending over sixty miles, "Its 100 business blocks and bank buildings excel those of any other city in the United States.

"Chicago has 1,586 miles of streets, and has been paving her streets for the last six years at the rate of infly miles a year, having already 460 miles paved, There are in operation 587 miles of street-car tracks, in addition to fifty miles of cable car lines, and this system is being extended all over the city. Twelve thousand miles of sidewalks are laid and fifty-four miles each year are being completed.

"The Health Department, under the able management of Dr. Wickersham, shows that the death rate is the lowest of any large city in the United States.

"The Police and Fire Departments of Chicago are the best managed in America, the Police Department consisting of 1,700 patrolmen, while the Fire Department consisting of 1,700 patrolmen, while the Fire Department employs \$50 men and is without equal in the world.

"Our Frank?" was asked if he was satisfied, from a

careful survey of the situation, that the World's Fair would go to Chicago, to which he replied that, after Taylor, Mason and Adams, who are doing good work, believed that Chicago was the only place that could be selected for an exposition of this magnitude, and ficted that Chicago would carry away the prize, There you have it! And don't forget that the Hon,

Mr. Lawler is a member of the Committee on War Claims and seems to use its stationery as if it was his

I am convinced that nobody in Washington despises work as does ex-Congressman Money, of Mississippi, He was sitting in a little group of Southerners not long ago-an interesting and sympathetic audience, it is needless to say-when he unexpectedly raised his voice and said:

"I hate work. I think that men who like work fo its own sake are either freaks or myths. I don't think any normal man works unless he has to. A found. man may be of a nervous temperament and so con stituted that he is not happy unless he is working; but a man of sound mind and even disposition works for the comforts and the luxuries which work will gain | proceeds much more smoothly and rapidly. for him in his leisure hours. My ideal of human happiness is to lie on the grass in the shade of a big tree. eat peaches and read novels. That is what I will do when I get money enough to retire from work. And I will never live again in a country where they have frosts, either."

Two of the best known National legislators have, durng the Christmas season, dropped the wordy war of polities for the forensic efforts of the court-room senator "Dan" Voorhees and Representative Charles H. Grosvenor have both been "starring" it as legal lights at Ponieroy, Ohio, where James H. Radcliff, a young school teacher, was arraigned for the murder of

The grim irony of Fate assigns the Senator and Representative to opposite sides of the argument, for "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" was retained as counsel for the accused, while "Charlle" Grosvenor's stores of legal lore were devoted to the duty of enabling the State to prove the accused guilty. The crime of this modern Eugene Aram appears to have greatly

exercised the ordinarily tranquil mind of Meigs County. Ohio; for, in addition to unusually striking and well-executed wood-cuts of the brothers-in-law, the local press breaks forth, in staccato headlines, to the fol-

lowing tune "THE MAGNITUDE OF THE CRIME CHARGED, The Array of Distinguished Counsel and the swarm of Witnesses, Make the Case the Most Notable of Recent Years.

It appears, however, that, even in sedate Ohio the methods of the local court-room savor occasionally of those so pleasantly in vogue throughout "The wild and woolly West." It certainly must have startled Lawyer McGillivray, who conducted the examination in chief, to have Mr. Hurlbut illustrate the shooting The three members of the Corean, Mr. Ye to the jury by pointing the revolver at the lawyer. man, rejoices in the Christian name of "Ananias," a cognomen which would hardly seem to inspire the liveliest confidence in the festimony for the State.

There is a sound of the voice, common, I believe, son, they have already began than talk English, but to all the languages or peoples of the world, which cannot be spelled, so far as I know. It means an the servants. They seem to have an antipathy to inquiry, it means an assent, it means astonishment, it means anything and everything. It is not a guttural sound like the "ngh!" of the savages, nor is "umph!" but it sounds more like uh! than any

There was a gentleman, Judge "Jack" Wright, of Indiana, well known in Washington several years ago, who used that sound with a rising inflection at the end of each sentence he uttered. He was an Indian agent for several years, and now lives quietly in a cottage at Berkley Springs, on the meagre savings from the salary and perquisites of that office. In ante-bellum days Judge Wright sat on the bench in Indiana, and on one occasion there came before him the late Chief Justice Cartter, who had a peculiar habit of stammering in the middle of a word. He did not stutter at the beginning of it, but stammered in the midddle. Well, Mr. Cartter-that was his title then-said something in the course of an argument before the Judge which the latter took umbrage

Then the following colloquy ensued: at. "Mr. Cartter, slt down, sir, uh ?" said Judge Wright. "I'll no-o-o-t do it, sir," was the reply.

"Sit down, Mr. Cartter, or I'll put you in prison for contempt, uh?" said the Judge. "You ca-a-a-n't do it," was the rejoinder: "there

isn't a ja-a-a-il in all your juris-is-is-diction." Sheriff," said the Judge, "take Mr. Cartter down to the river, take a pair of handcuffs with you,

take him on to that little island over there, d'ye see. uh! Make him hug the tree and put the handcuffs on his wrists so that he'll have to keep on lingging 'I'll stillt down, your Honor," said Mr. Cartter.

"I thought you would, uh?" remarked the Judge.

In after years these gentlemen became great

friends, and it is doubtful which one of them took the greater satisfaction in telling the foregoing tale. I think if ex-President Cleveland had seen the original draft of the spread-eagle resolutions in the Democratic cancus on the morning of the day when Congress met he would have been inclined to say with the poet: "What is fame!" The cancus

caffirmed the party principles as contained in the St. Louis platform of 1888, and in the message President "Cieveland" (if one followed the text.) There is a wee touch of irony in the action of a Washington photographer who takes portraits of all the celebrities who come to this city. He has in his window the portrait of a large man with a rather oarse countenance. Across the face of this excellent likeness is an inscription which identifies the picture as the portrait of "ex-President Cleveland."

"The painful warrior, famoused for fight. After a thousand victories, once folled, Is from the books on honor razed quite And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Senator Ingalis tells a story on his brother, Dr. Ingalls, who is at the head of an educational institute in Missouri. Dr. Ingalls has puzzled the community of which he is a member by remaining in a lonely state of single blessedness; not only puzzled, but, in some degree, offended, for the doctor is a most agreeable man, and there are in the community some very agreeable women. The matter was discussed at many sewing circles, and finally one old maid volunsubject to the offender. When she called on the dector she put the question rather blantly. "Dector," she said, "the ladies are very anxious to

know why you have never married in these many years you have been among us." "Madam," said Dr. Ingalis, with all the suavity of

manger which he could muster up for the occasion, "you may inform the ladies that at least it has not been for And it is said that the doctor is not nearly so popular

w among the ladies of his acquaintance as he was before the inquiry was instituted.

Representative McComas will again bring forward proposition, favorably reported by the Library mittee in the last Congress, appropriating \$20,000 for the purchase of the dress sword of Washington. This sword was bequeathed by Washington to his nephew, Malor George Lewis, who had served so faithfully on his staff throughout the War of the Major Lewis selected this sword, as it was worn on what he regarded the greatest event f his encle's life-the surrendering, in Annapolis, of is commission as commander-in-chief of the army. Major Lewis also esteemed the sword of great value as it was identified with the whole career of Washington while President. It was generally worn by him on all state and dress occasions.

The State of New-York purchased in 1872 th word presented to Washington by Frederick the Great of Prussia, paying therefor the sum of \$20,000. Some other relies, such as papers and surveying instru-ments, were included in the sale.

"dress sword of Washington" has had its identity carefully preserved by being specially men-tioned in the various wills of its former owners. Miss Lewis, of Baltimore, who now offers the word to the Nation for purchase, is descended from Betty Washington, the only sister of the first President.

By the way, if there is a shoestring or rag one sed by the Father of his Country which cendants have not yet made a subject of sale or barter-and they have never parted with either except at extortionate rates-this seems to be the time to

There has been some comment in the Senate galteries on the smoothness and general ease with which the new Senators have taken up their public duties. No one who was here at the time will ever forget the appearance and manner of Senator Hearst when he ntroduced his first bill or when he made his first committee report. Senator Hearst was much inclined to address the presiding officer of the Senate in some such homely phrase as "Say, you." But pos Senator Hearst is not a fair example, for he has not learned the rules and customs of the Senate yet. Still awkwardness and embarrassment are very common among new members, and the grace, if such a can be used to describe a heavy and dignified statesman, with which the new Senators have taken their eats and gone through the Senate routine has caused some comment. The explanation of their ease is to be found in a little pamphlet which was handed to each of the Senators at the beginning of the session and which the new Senators have been studying assiduously.

The pamphlet contains a digest by Charles W. Johnson, the Chief Clerk of the Senate, of the phrases and forms of speech used by members of the Senate in the transaction of all formal business. Mr. Johnson has been preparing for a long time a book containing

transaction of all formal business. Mr. Johyson has been preparing for a long time a book containing the form of procedure in Parliamentary bodies, the first work of its character ever issued in any language. The pamphlet contains a condensation, of especial value to Senators, of the phrases in the transaction of formal business. The use of set forms expedites business wonderfully, as Vice-President Morton has business wonderfully, as Vice-President Morton has business was much delayed by reason of the Senate, business was much delayed by reason of Mr. Morton's inexperience in the chair. Now that he has learned the forms of speech which should be used, business proceeds much more smoothly and rapidly.

DETROIT RIVER BRIDGE PLANS.

From The Engineering News.

**Detroit River crossing has been reported upon the located of Army Engineers appointed for that purposes. This board convened in Detroit, on May 1, purpose. This board convened in Detroit, on May 1, purpose. This board convened in Detroit, on May 1, purpose. This board convened in Detroit, on May 1, purposes. The board deems a tunnel or a drawbridge out of the question, and believes that the high bridge proposed by Mr. Lindenthal would be half allowed the proposes a continuous girder of 1,000 feet central clear oppoing and two side spans, of 750 feet clear oppoing and two side spans, of 750 feet clear oppoings of 200 feet cent. The low bridge, with a clear headway of 140 feet above the removable spans, referred to propose on clear opening of 1,000 feet, one clear opening of 1,000 feet, one clear opening of 1,000 feet, and two fixed parts and the proposes of 150 feet each. This plan requires five piers extending above the water, and three piers submerged to a depth of 30 feet, The beard continuous interpretation as only with the greatest difficulty that who have seen ber any opening of 200 feet cent. And two fixed parts are all the solution and the total continuous circles and the proposes of the proposes of color opening of 200 feet cent. This plan req

siders that the channel would thus be free from April 1 to December 1, and the side spans of 200 feet could be opened at other times for vessels desiring to pass. The board, in approving this as the least objectionable of the low-bridge plans presented, says that it is justly subject to greater objections on the part of navigators, and does not wish to be understood as indorsing the estimate of its cost submitted by the projectors.

INDIANS' HOME LETTERS.

QUAINT MISSIVES FROM CARLISLE BAR. RACKS.

Carlisle, Penn., Dec. 28 (Special).-The Indian children at Carlisle Barracks write "home letters" once a month. An extra mail-bag is required to hold them all, and they go without stamps. The envelopes are marked as belonging to the Interior Department, and Uncle Sam requires no extra starep. By this seeming partiality to his red children he is preparing them to bring him in a big revenue by and by. The "home letters" are full of quaint, pithy sayings. These Indians have only been to school a little while; they have not been taught letter-writing from babyhood, as white children are taught. The construction of sentences is crude, almost unintelligible sometimes, yet the penmanship is admirable. Indians are natutimes, yet the penmanship is admirable. Indians are naturally artistic, and this talent is evinced in their chirog-

By special permission I had access to a few of the letters Thanksgiving, with its turkey and ples and good times, came in for due attention. Nobody seemed discontented.

There was anticipation of Christmas coming. One could note that note the likeness to "white folks" in sly hints at holiday gifts. "I expect I shall get a nice present for Christmas. What do you want me to get for you?" One student asked his home folks, away off in Wisconsin, what he should send them for a Christmas present. He evidently went over in his mind their wants, and what they most needed. Suddenly he hit the right thing. He wrote that he "would send them a cow, if only he could get the hornes in a letter." He and his people know that the cow and her 'hornes' would never go in an envelope, by mail, but what was almost as good, the right thought was expressed and sent. Another wrote that "I shall be ready to go home very soon, with much thankful in mind." But the child leaves us in doubt as to whether t is the getting away from Carlisle that makes the "thankful in his mind" or the going home part of it.

One of the pupils writes: "Our best cousin is well and happy as a beautiful bird flying around in the sky." Another boy writes about his having been detailed to wash dishes in the boys' kitchen. He was called from h ant room to do this most disagreeable of all work. But he was equal to the occasion. Finding some other boys there, he began to fish fun out of the dish water. He does not complain of the situation, but writes that "I think work is sociable." Another writes, "I have

consummate well ever since I have been her here only a short time, and can harldy speak English She has not read Browning or Tennyson. But she is a poet as much as if she had taken her pencil and sat down after the manner of a white schoolgiri, determined to write poetry or die. Only she stopped just before she got to the rhyme. She was writing a letter to her other, all about the sociable in the old chapel, how the and were polite to one another; how sweet the candy was and how pretty the "welcome," wrought in evergreen. When she got ready to go home the door sudder and revealed the scene outside to be "grayheaded." at least, was her unstudied description of it. There had been a slight fall of snow in the evening, just enough to leave white tips on the grass blades. The girl did not say that the ground was all white, for it was not. But there was just about as much white as one expects to see in the hair of a person on whom age is only beginning to

HEZEKIAH BUDLONG'S WALK.

A BUSINESS MAN'S ADVENTURES IN FIFTH-AVE AND BROADWAY.

Hezekiah Budlong is the name of a portly business nan who lives in a fashionable block in West Steenthst. Now, Hezekiah has lately been reading about the importance of walking as an exercise, and after think ing the matter over, he determined to walk every day from his house to his office. So the other morning after making his will and bidding good-by family-for Hezekiah is a methodical man-he sailled out from his elegant home with the elation and the anxiety that great explorers always feel.

He swore softly to himself when the butler of his neighbor, Jinks, who was cleaning the sidewalks swept about half a bucket of water on him. But when two other butlers did the same thing before he got to Fifth-ave, his language became not only ex-plosive, but extremely andible. Inasmuch, however, as it was raining so hard that an umbrella was use less, he finally concluded that he would get wet any how, and therefore the modus operandi was a matter of small consequence

He then turned into Fifth-ave, and was beginning to enjoy the stroll down that justly admired thorough fare when he was almost sickened by the odor from an exposed and leaking sewer pipe. But he didn' have time to think of that long before his nostrils were assailed by another odor equally vile, which came from a wagon filled with garbage of an evidently ancient vintage. Just at this moment, too, he passed an ashman, who was in the act of emptying a large sized ashean. As the rain had ceased and the wind had come up, Mr. Budiong's wet garments were at once covered with a thick coating of the best grade of Lehigh Valley red ashes.

The ruin to his clothes was bad enough, but what tried Hezekiah's temper most was that the ashes blinded him so that he did not see a window-washer who was using one of those long-handled scrubbers with great vigor and energy. Of course, therefore, Hezekiah came into collision with him, for it is a well-known fact that no window-washer

ever looks out for pedestrians; he works on the theory that he owns the sidewalk and the breadth thereof. The result of the collision was that Hezekiah was hit on the nose with the end of the long This aroused the indignation of the honest window-washer, who denounced him as a vile "chump," "fer gittin' in der way." No further mishaps occurred until Hezekiah was crossing to Broadway, when he slipped in the slime which covers that historic street, and came within an ace of being run over by a street car and a brewery wagon.

After going into a barber shop and paying a quarter to have his clothes brushed, he pursued his journey down Broadway. He had not gone far before a subway worker hit him in the stomach with a shovelful of odoriferous dirt, and while he was giving the grinning navvy a piece of his mind, a falling electric wire hit him on the head. Naturally, he expostulated with the careless workman who had dropped the wire, but the only reply of that individual was, "Oh, wot's der matter wid yer; Der wire's dead." This retort was hugely enjoyed by all the bystanders, and Hezekiah felt that he was looked upon as a crank of

the worst kind.

It would be impossible to relate all the troubles of It would be impossible to relate all the trombles of Hezekiah on this terrible trip. He finally reached his office more dead than alive, and it was fully a week before he recovered from the effects of his rash adventure. He has not since tried to walk down town, and, it is almost needless to say, he has firmly resolved never to do so again.

A GIRL'S STRANGE MANIA FOR BLOOD.

A GIRUS STRANGE MANIA FOR BLOOD.

Atlanta (Tex.) dispatch to The Philadelphia Times.

A malady of a most remarkable and distressing nature has recently attacked the young daughter of Winthrop Davis, who owns one of the largest sawmills in this vicinity. The young lady is in her sixteenth year, and, when in her normal health, of an amiable, rather shrinking disposition, and possessed of no small claim to beauty, besides being intelligent and well advanced in her studies. About three months ago she fell into a low, melancholy state and displayed a singular aversion to society, refusing entirely to converse at times and exhibiting a sullen, angry disposition when questioned or remonstrated with. All food was rejected for several days, until a piece of freshly-killed beef was accidentally brought into her presence, when she threw herself upon it with all the savage greediness of a famished animal and began to tear and rend it with her teeth, sucking the blood with a shocking relish for the yet warm fluid.

Since then, at periods varying from three to seven

A BEGGAR TRUST.

THE LAWS AND LITERATURE OF MENDL CANCY IN PARIS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBENE.

Trust in Paris has recently been discovered. This

Paris, December 13.

The existence for a number of years of a Beggar

news has spread alarm in many households which have been the victims of misplaced charity, and have opened their doors to sneak thieves and pilferers. As a rule, begging here is regulated by law, and on Fridays and Sundays and Good Friday only are the indigent, maimed, halt and blind allowed to go at large and solicit alms, In front of the church doors during divine service a ragged group of mendicants is always to be encountered, and the running of this pauper gauntles forms one of the most disagreeable experiences of the devout visitor to Paris shrines. On Good Friday the beggars are allowed to roam the streets unmolested, and solicit alias. On this double sad holiday they congregate from every part of France to be present at what has been called by the wits the "Paupers' Fair." It is truly a day to be dreaded, on which it is more prudent and agree. able, if possible, to remain indoors. The strictest police surveillance is supposed to exist over the French beggar. So many visitors to Paris have noticed the absence of these pests from the principal boulevards. It is certainly in marked contrast to either London or Italy, where the most revolting deformities and the most disgusting spectacles are every day exhibited on the street with a view of attracting the practical sympathy of the charitable. But in the regions around the Parc Monceau, beyond the Madeleine, in the aristocratic avenues of L'Etoile and the Faubourg St. Honore, the Parisian beggars, unhindered by the police, flourish like green bay trees. There is a dark rumor of certain tips passing from the ragged pockets of the professional mendicant into the too willing palms of ill-paid sergeants devilles.

The trysting place of this corporation, so-called

has been discovered by the chief of police, into

whose hands have fallen documents containing

much curious information as to the regularly organized beggars' guild. The headquarters proper are situated in an old, rickety building on one of the innumerable dirty lanes that climb the windmill-crowned heights of squalid Montmartre. It is here that the Chapter, or Board of Directors, meet and a regular depot of beggars' supplies and appurtenances is kept. The system is well organized, and has been in existence a number of years. Each Parisian district is patrolled by a beggar-lieutenant, who has supreme control over his jurisdiction. It is he who sells the privilege of soliciting alms within his territory. Every beggar has to apply to him for his license. If the unfortunate tries an independent "lay," he is thwarted at once, and by some mysterious means hounded by the police until he either enters the association or flees the city. The Chapter have certain blank forms which are filled out by their clients in the most approved business manner. These blanks state the name, age, sex and residence of each applicant, as well as the particular line which the beggar desires to follow. Lame beggars, blind beggars, with or without dogs, maternal beggars, with or without children, church beggars, beggars for food only, beggars for clothes only, beggars with or without musical instruments, fortune-telling beggars, fainting beggars, beggars for tram and omnibus fares, begging-letters and clerical beggars-these and a hundred other ramifications of the trade are specified. The blanks, when filled out, are entered in registers, where the record and history of each member is kept. A certificate is then issued to the applicant, who immediately starts out and reports to his appointed lieutenant.

A small fee is charged for this license, which the purchaser carries about him ready to produce whenever challenged by the subordinate in charge of his district. Besides this remuneration the Trust gets out quite an amount of literature of special interest to the profession. The most important of these publications is a beggar directory, a copy of which has recently fallen into the hands of the police. This volume make exceedingly amusing reading, particularly to the persons interested, giving quite an insight into the private habits, follies and foibles of many a worthy bourgeois. There are two editions of this volume. One of these costs three francs, which simply gives the names and addresses of about hundred charitably d'sposed people other-a species of edition de luxe-is six france and includes besides the names and addresses certain little diagnosis of the victims. For instance, this extract:

M. Jacques Bessord, 72 Rue des Retels Champs. -Never gives any money. Ask for clothes. Charles Fayes, 68 Rue des Ecuries D'Artois. An old Radical. Very rich. Say that you are a

-An old Radical. Very field Say that you are a retired Communist.

Widow Arnavent.—Thinks of nothing but her grandchildren. Ask her for bables' garments and interest her concerning your children's ailments. Teething and paregoric fetch a fat fee.

Mme. La Comtesse Touraine.—Very religious.

Ask for a first communion or baptism outfit. She

Ask for a lirst combination of baptism outlit. She will furnish complete.

Blanche de Remy.—Retired ballet dansense.
Tell her that you broke your leg at the Chatelet and that you danced with her when she was premiere in 1832. Sure of a louis.

This form of literature is certainly more entertaining and suggestive than the red and white chalk marks prevalent on barns and fences in the

United States, and the vade mecum of the tramps The list of articles for sale or hire which form the tools in trade of the Paris beggar, is quite extensive. The military is the most profitable line on which to work the sensibilities of a conquered and betrayed people. Soldiers' medals can be hired for 100 francs, or \$20 per year. Crutches and other aids to colisting sympathy are also to let. Poems and begging letters couched in act demic French can be obtained for those who work the proper intellectual game. In fact, any and every implement, means and way of soliciting alms are for sale at the headquarters of the Trust. When it is added that the Board of Directors is elective, and elections are held each year, the executive offices carrying salaries with them, and dividends are paid from the general fund, it can clearly be seen that the beggars of Paris are well organized. There must be profite in the business, because demands for beats, not-

in the business, because demands for beats, not-withstanding the heavy tithes, are very brisk, and routes are eagerly sought after.

The old woman with the wooden legs, whom everybody who has ever passed the corner of the Avenue de l'Opera and the Boulevard has not failed to observe, is said to be a heavy stockholder in the Trust. She is not, however, so deserving of charity as one might be led to believe. Besides selling fortune cards, which is done as a cover to of charity as one might be led to believe. Beside selling fortune cards, which is done as a cover to begging, she has an extremely unsavory reputation and many a poor young girl is said to have been sold into the slavery of sin by this wretched old harridan. She bears in her face traces of great beauty, and the story runs that in the first days of the Empire she was a famous demi-mondaine. To save her life in a fire, she jumped from the third-story window, breaking both legs in the fall. She is still extremely vain, and her pair of false legs have been made to look, though wooden, plump and well rounded. The tips, where the toes should be, are gilded, and the counterfeit ankles are varnished each morning, and on fete days tied coquettishly with sarters of bright red ribbon.

STORIES FOR LAWYERS.

From The St. Louis Republic.

From The St. Louis Republic.

Occasionally lawyers get together and swap stories about the funny things they have heard in and around the Court House. A "Republic" reporter was in earshot of several eminent barristers, and heard two anecdotes related that are worth repeating. When Judge Rombauer was on the bench he one day made a ruling against a young attorney, whose superfluity of diplomas was only equalled by his scant knowledge of the law. Much disgusted, the lawyer said:

aid:
"I don't know where your Honor goes to find such
law as that."

"I don't know where your Honor goes to find such law as that."

When ruilled, Judge Rombauer speaks with a strong Bohemian accent, and he replied in very emphatic language:

"I am not surprised, Mr.—, zat yon know not where I go to find ze law, for I find, it in ze books."

The second incident was that wherein a judge had overruled a motion of Counsellor Garvey, one of the best-known lawyers at the St. Louis bar. The consellor is usually most respectful to the court, but he lost his temper this time, and declared in his broad though rich and cultured Irish brogue.

"Your Honor, I hope for your Honor's hort that it will never be noised abroad to your Honor's hurt that this honorable court ever made a ruling so dishonorable to its own honor."